

# The Manager Of the B. & A.

By VAUGHAN KESTER

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Not less remarkable was Ryder's posthumous fame. Men who had never known him in life now spoke of him with trembling voices and every outward evidence of the sincerest sorrow. It was as if they had sustained a personal loss, for his championship of the strike had given him a great popularity, and his murder, growing out of this championship, as all preferred to believe, made his death seem a species of martyrdom.

Indeed, the mere fact that he had been murdered would have been sufficient to make him popular at any time. He had supplied Antioch with a glorious sensation. It was something to talk over and discuss and shudder at, and the town was grateful and happy with the deep, calm joy of a perfect emotion.

It determined to give him a funeral which should be creditable alike to the cause for which he had died and to the manner of his death.

Meanwhile Dan had been arrested, examined and set at liberty again in the face of the prevailing sentiment that he should be held. No one doubted—he himself least of all—that Roger Oakley had been seen the night before twenty-six miles north of Antioch, at a place called Barrow's Sawmills, where he had stopped at a store and made a number of purchases. Then he had struck off through the woods. It was also learned that he had eaten his breakfast the morning after the murder at a farmhouse midway between Antioch and Barrow's Sawmills. The farmer's wife had at his request put up a lunch for him. Later in the day a man at work in a field had seen and spoken with him.

There was neither railroad, telegraph nor telephone at Barrow's Sawmills, and the fugitive had evidently considered it safe to venture into the place, trusting that he was ahead of the news of his crime. It was on the edge of a sparsely settled district, and to the north of it was the unbroken wilderness stretching away to the lakes and the Wisconsin line.

The morning of the funeral an extra edition of the Herald was issued, which contained a glowing account of Ryder's life and achievements. It was an open secret that it was from the gifted pen of Kenyon. This notable enterprise was one of the wonders of the day. Everybody wanted a Herald as a souvenir of the occasion, and nearly 500 copies were sold.

All that morning the country people in unheeded numbers flocked into town. As Clarence remarked to Spide, it was just like a circus day. The noon train from Buckhorn Junction arrived crowded to the doors, as did the 1 o'clock train from Harrison. Antioch had never known anything like it.

The funeral was at 2 o'clock from the little white frame Methodist church, but long before the appointed hour it was crowded to the verge of suffocation, and the anxious, waiting throng overflowed into the yard and street with never a hope of wedging into the building, much less securing seats.

A delegation of the strikers, the Young Men's Kenyon club, of which Ryder was a member, and a representative body of citizens escorted the remains to the church. These were the people he had jeered at, whose simple joys he had ridiculed and whose griefs he had made light of, but they would gladly have forgiven him his sarcasms even had they known of them. He had become a hero and a martyr.

Chris Berry and Cap Roberts were in charge of the arrangements. On the night of the murder the former had beaten his rival to the Herald office by exactly three minutes and had never left Ryder until he lay in the most costly casket in his shop.

It was admitted afterward by thoughtful men who were accustomed to weigh their opinions carefully that Mr. Williamson, the minister, had never delivered so moving an address or one that contained so obvious a moral. The drift of his remarks was that the death of his brilliant and distinguished fellow townsman should serve as a warning to all that there was no time like the present in which to prepare for the life everlasting. He assured his audience that each hour of existence should be devoted to consecration and silent testimony; otherwise, what did it avail? It was not enough that Ryder had thrown the weight of his personal influence and exceptional talents on the side of sound morality and civic usefulness. And as he soared on from point to point his hearers soared with him, and when he rounded in on each well tried climax they rounded in with him. He never failed them once. They always knew what he was going to say

before it was said and were ready for the thrill when the thrill was due. It might have seemed that Mr. Williamson was paid a salary merely to make an uncertain hereafter yet more uncomfortable and uncertain, but Antioch took its religion hot, with a shiver and a threat of blue flame.

When Mr. Williamson sat down Mr. Kenyon rose. As a layman he could be entirely eulogistic. He was sure of the faith which through life had been the guiding star of the departed. He had seen it instanced by numerous acts of eminently Christian benevolence, and on those rare occasions when he had spoken of his hopes and fears he had, in spite of his shrinking modesty, shown that his standards of Christian duty were both lofty and consistent.

Here the Hon. Jeb Barrows, who had been dozing peacefully, awoke with a start and gazed with wide, bulging eyes at the speaker. He followed Mr. Kenyon, and though he tried hard, he couldn't recall any expression of Ryder's, at the Red Star bar or elsewhere, which indicated that there was any spiritual uplift to his nature which he fed at secret altars; so he pictured the friend and citizen, and the dead fared well at his hands, perhaps better than he was conscious of, for he said no more than he believed.

Then came the prayer and hymn, to be succeeded by a heavy, solemn pause, and Mr. Williamson stepped to the front of the platform.

"All those who care to view the remains—and I presume there are many here who will wish to look upon the face of our dead friend before it is conveyed to its final resting place—will please form in line at the rear of the edifice and advance quietly up the right aisle, passing across the church as quickly as possible and thence down the left aisle and on out through the door. This will prevent confusion and make it much pleasanter for all."

There was a rustle of skirts and the awkward shuffling of many feet as the congregation formed in line; then it filed slowly up the aisle to where Chris Berry stood, weazened and dry, with a vulture look on his face and a vulture touch to his hands that now and again picked at the flowers which were banded about the coffin.

The Emorys, partly out of regard for public sentiment, had attended the funeral, for, as the doctor said, they were the only real friends Griff had in the town. They had known and liked him when the rest of Antioch was dubiously critical of the newcomer, whose ways were not its ways.

When the congregation thronged up the aisle Constance, who had endured the long service, which to her was unspeakably grotesque and horrible, in shocked if silent rebellion slipped her hand into her mother's. "Take me away," she whispered brokenly, "or I shall cry out! Take me away!"

Mrs. Emory hesitated. It seemed a desertion of a trust to go and leave Griff to these strangers, who had been brought there by morbid curiosity. Constance guessed what was passing in her mind.

"Papa will remain if it is necessary," Mrs. Emory touched the doctor on the shoulder. "We're going home, John; Constance doesn't feel well; but you stay."

When they reached the street the last vestige of Constance's self control vanished utterly. "Wasn't it awful!" she sobbed. "And his life had only just begun! And to be snuffed out like this, when there was everything to live for!"

Mrs. Emory, surprised at the sudden show of feeling, looked into her daughter's face. Constance understood the look.

"No, no! He was only a friend! He could never have been more than that. Poor, poor Griff!"

"I am glad for your sake, dearie," said Mrs. Emory gently.

"I wasn't very kind to him at the last, but I couldn't know—I couldn't know," she moaned.

She was not much given to these confidences even with her mother. Usually she never questioned the wisdom or righteousness of her own acts, and it was not her habit to put them to the test of a less generous judgment, but she was remembering her last meeting with Ryder. It had been the day before his death. He had told her that he loved her, and she had flared up, furious and resentful, with the dull, accusing ache of many days in her heart and a cruel readiness to make him suffer. She had tried to convince herself afterward that it was only his vanity that was hurt.

Then she thought of Oakley. She had been thinking of him all day, wondering where he was, if he had left Antioch, and not daring to ask. They were going up the path now toward the house, and she turned to her mother again.

"What do they say of Mr. Oakley—I mean Mr. Dan Oakley? I don't know why, but I'm more sorry for him than I am for Griff. He has so much to bear!"

"I heard your father say he was still here. I suppose he has to remain. He can't choose."

"What will be done with his father if he is captured? Will they—? She could not bring herself to finish the sentence.

"Goodness knows! I wouldn't worry about him," said Mrs. Emory in a tone of considerable asperity. "He made all the trouble, and I haven't a particle of patience with him!"

(To Be Continued.)

## A MILLION-ACRE ESTATE.

Santa Gertrudes Ranch Is Twice as Large as Rhode Island.

By the recent acquisition of a tract of 170,000 acres Santa Gertrudes ranch, in Southwest Texas, already reputed to be the largest estate in the world owned by a private individual, was increased to the immense proportions of 2,000 square miles or 1,280,000 acres. As an aid to the comprehension of these dimensions some comparisons may be found useful. The area of Rhode Island, exclusive of the water of Narragansett Bay, comprises 673,920 acres, or just a trifle more than one-half the area of Santa Gertrudes ranch. The area of Delaware, exclusive of water is 1,250,000 acres, or 25,000 acres smaller than Santa Gertrudes. Texas constitutes one-eleventh of the area of the United States; yet if the Lone Star state were to be cut up into ranches the size of Santa Gertrudes there would only be land enough to make 132.

Thus exposing her to cal, instead of ed in 1853 by Captain Richard King, a former Mississippi river pilot, who, with his friend, Captain Milfin Kennedy, had charge of the transport service on the Rio Grande which supplied General Taylor's army during the Mexican war. Captain King's ambition was to possess the largest and best conducted ranch in Texas; but he died twenty years ago, after accumulating 800,000 acres. The property was left to his widow, Mrs. H. M. King, who turned the entire management over to her son-in-law, R. J. Kleberg, a lawyer, who was born and brought up within 150 miles of the ranch. Under Mr. Kleberg's management the acreage has been increased more than 50 per cent.—C. F. Carter in Harper's Weekly.

## FOLK BLAMES GOOD CITIZENS.

Declares Their Inactivity Obstacle to Honest Government.

Rockford, Ill., Aug. 27.—"The great obstacle in the way of good government, the greatest hindrance to the progress of righteousness, is the inactivity of good citizens," declared Governor Polk, of Missouri, in an address at the Rockford Chautauqua today. "The country needs men in times of peace more than in war. When good citizens disregard their obligations to their country, they leave control to undesirable elements. The strength of the lawless is great, but is as nothing when it comes in contact with an aroused public conscience. St. Louis showed this when the people there, wear of the domination of corruption, overthrew them. Philadelphia at last awoke from her slumbers and determined to do something, and many other cities are doing the same thing. This world is getting better, not worse. A moral regeneration is in progress, not a moral degeneration. The fact that this awakening has come at a time of great prosperity shows it does not proceed from a spirit of discontent, but from the moral sense of the people. It is simply a determination to stamp out the things that dishonor in public life and the things that oppress in private life."

## POLITICIANS.

Will Not Have Charge of the Bryan Reception.

New York, Aug. 27.—Harry W. Walker, who has an active part in arranging the reception to be given to W. J. Bryan by the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust league on August 30, today gave out a statement to the effect that politicians, headed by Alexander Troup, of Connecticut, and Norman E. Mack, of Buffalo, are trying to control the movement, and that the league will control the arrangement for the reception, even if it has to tell the politicians to retire. "Mr. Bryan accepted the invitation from the Commercial Travelers' Anti-Trust league," said Mr. Walker, "and we think that he will appear there as stated."

Mr. Mack, who is the Democratic national committeeman from this state, said in reply to the statement that there is a popular impression that the Bryan reception is a political affair and that Mr. Bryan regards it that way. "Why shouldn't politicians take part in it?" he said. Mr. Mack said he is not making trouble in the committee and that there is no talk of Hearst in the arrangements.

## DESTITUTE FAMILY.

Have No Place to Stay Except the Police Court Room.

John Smith, of Peoria, Ill., with his wife and four children, applied at the police station Saturday night for a place to rest. He is ill and without funds. He went from Peoria, Ill., after selling his household effects, to Bloomington and then to Cairo, finding no work at either place. He came here Friday on the Dick, Fowler and had been at a small hotel since his arrival. He had to leave the hotel because of the lack of funds. He is a slate roofer and will try to secure work here. The family spent the night in the police court room at the city hall.

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503 Fountain Ave., 6 room house,  
nice, water inside, excellent location.

See me as to price which depends on  
terms of payment.

Some excellent farm offers near city,  
do now for sub-division and pay hand-  
some profit at once on present prices.

Madison St. Fountain Park corner  
lot at \$650. Only chance in park.

Nice North 5th St. 9-room house in  
excellent condition at \$3,800. Only  
3 blocks from Palmer House.

Three houses, rents about \$30  
month, N. E. corner 6th and Ohio Sts.,  
good investment at \$2,400.

Have at all times money to loan on  
farm land at 6 per cent interest, 10  
years' time. Certainly getting money  
wanted if farm and title all right.

Have acre land just outside city  
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at handsome profit. Easy payments.

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and 13th streets at \$1,050 each, \$100  
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rapidly rising in value. Take one or  
more.

One nice 7-room houses in city  
new, never been occupied, all modern  
conveniences, near Madison St. front-  
ing on Fountain Ave. and opposite  
Lang park, at \$300, part on time.

This is fine offer in good home. Lock  
at it and see.

4 1/2 acres near Wallace Park,  
high, well drained, with excellent sur-  
roundings, 60 foot street in front of it,  
at \$1,000 on any reasonable payments  
desired.

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renovated throughout, on north side of  
Jefferson St. between 13th and 14th,  
at \$3,500.

Several Rowlandtown lots on \$5.00  
monthly payments.

240 acres best farm in county, only  
4 miles from city, \$1,500 cash and  
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Good 4-room house, newly papered,  
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595 Fountain Ave., 4-room cottage,  
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shaded lot 40x150 feet, nice condition,  
3 grade fire places, bargain at \$1,600  
cash.

4-room house and 9 lots 40 feet wide,  
surrounded by lots sold and selling  
fast, at \$250 each, whole offer for  
\$2,000 which is a great bargain. See  
me and get details.

5-room house on east side S. 4th St.,  
between Clark and Adams, at \$1,800.

7-room house, S. 4th between Clark  
and Adams, west side, sewer connec-  
tions and modern conveniences, at  
\$2,850.

These are samples. Ask for what  
you want and we can furnish it.

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rell Fountain Park addition at \$250  
each on payments of \$25 cash and  
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For Sale—Six-room cottage, on  
S. E. corner 7th and Harrison; lot  
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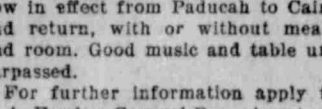
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